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No. 2465

and BYSTANDER

London
October 6, 1948

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THE PRINCESS COAT was a recurrent theme at the Paris Shows this Autumn. Our Stylists say that this line is particularly suited to English-women, who express themselves at their best in tailored under-statement.

The coat sketched here captures this elusive elegance at every turn. The bodice is fitting, the skirt a circular flare that falls in lovely folds. While the outline is restrained, the detail has the hallmark of quality; the pockets and the waistline are braided, as are the double-breasted buttons. The revers are rounded and the shoulders slightly padded. This coat is made in a velour in donkey-brown, nigger-brown, navy, or black, and it is lined. It costs £15.7.6 (15 coupons), hip sizes 36 to 42 inches.

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

OCTOBER 6, 1948

Vol. CXC., No. 2465

THIS ISSUE

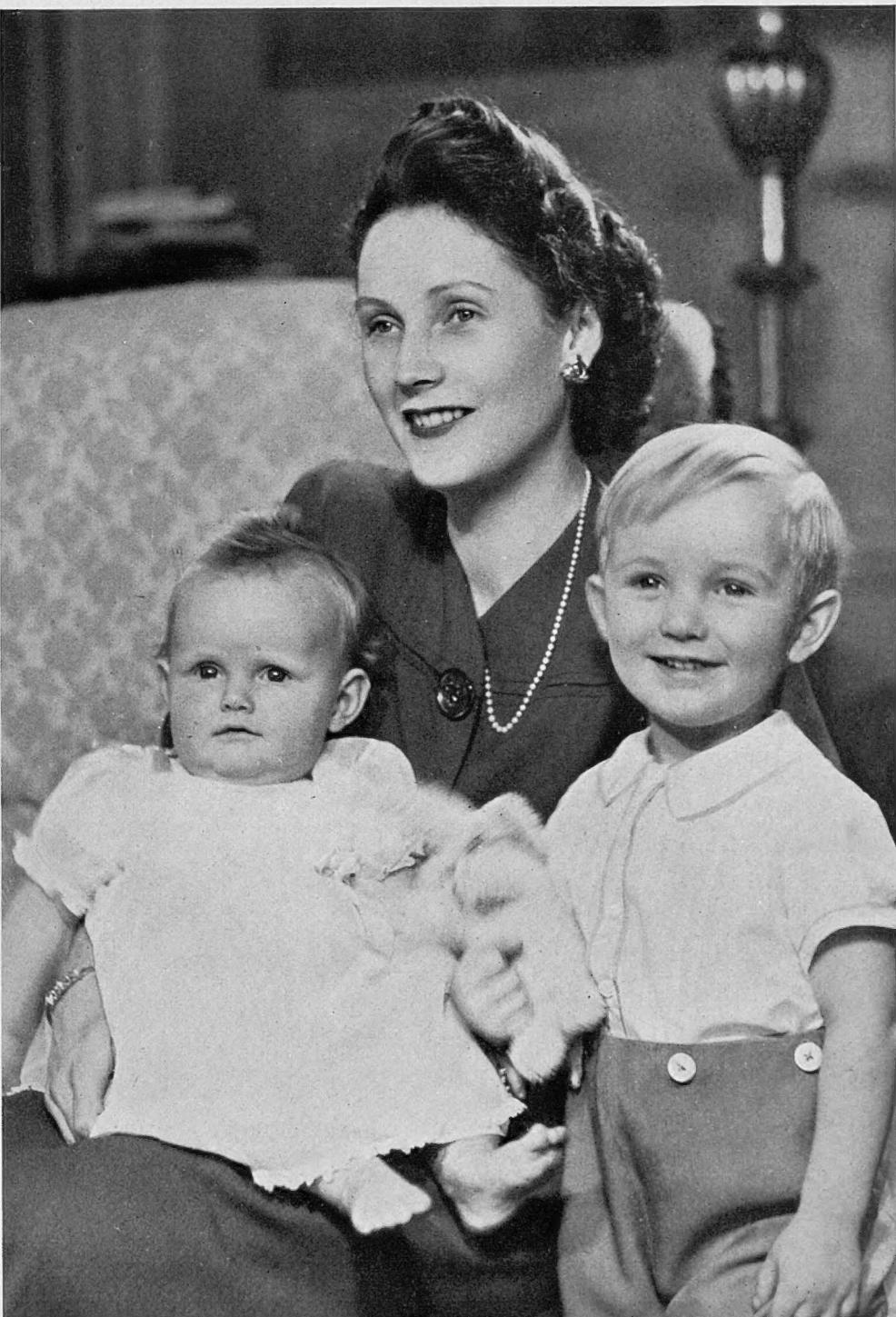
The Perth Hunt recently held its annual two-day meeting and Hunt Ball. This important dual event of the Scottish season was very largely attended and the steeple-chase and hurdle races in Scone Palace park were exceptionally exciting. Pictures of those present are on pages 12 and 13.

Kentish Pony Show. Skill in handling a pony is the natural prelude to good horsemanship and the love of the chase, as most Hunts recognize, and the pony show of the Ashford Valley Hunt saw some very good riding and well-groomed mounts. Pictures are on page 9.

Regiment Honoured. The 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, which has a fine fighting record, was recently given the Freedom of the City of Chester. Photographs of the celebrations which accompanied the granting of the honour are on page 18.

Pytchley Juniors. The Pytchley is another Hunt that believes in encouraging its young followers by all means available, and the children's Hunter Trials held near Northampton were most successful. Pages 16-17.

Motor Car Racing. The loss of Brooklands was a serious blow to British motor racing, but enthusiasts have not been idle, with the result that the Junior Car Club held its first post-war meeting at Goodwood Aerodrome and staged some first-class events. Page 8.



Bassano

THE HON. MRS. QUINTIN HOGG with her son Douglas Martin, aged three, and daughter Mary Claire, aged one. Mrs. Hogg is the wife of the Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P. for Oxford City since 1938 and son and heir of Viscount Hailsham, and before their marriage in 1944 was Miss Mary Martin. The Hon. Quintin Hogg, who had a brilliant academic career at Oxford and was President of the Oxford Union, served throughout the war in the Rifle Brigade. He has written many books and is regarded as one of the most effective debaters in Parliament



The Duke of Gloucester, on his visit to the British Exhibition at Copenhagen, went aboard the submarine depot ship H.M.S. Maidstone with the King of Denmark. While there, the Duke read a Commission making King Frederick an Admiral of the British Navy. The King is seen listening to the reading of the Commission, together with Queen Ingrid and the Duchess of Gloucester

Some Portraits in Print

THERE was not much change in men's dress for some years. The morning wear for a smart man in the West End consisted of a green coat with big steel buttons, a red-striped waistcoat, neckcloths high and voluminous, buskins and shiny Hessian boots.

A great deal of attention was given to waistcoats, which were of white or coloured satin. A crimson one, embroidered with gold butterflies, and a black and red velvet tartan with white stripes, had a rolling collar with which was worn a blue satin stock and a gold pin, consisting of a five-barred gate and a horseman in pink enamel jumping over it.

So much for the libel that the Englishman has always been self-effacing in his dress. I came on the descriptions while idling through a volume of Georgiana Hill's standard work on English dress. They were of men's wear just a century ago.

I like the story of an Earl of Harrington who considerably wore a sage-green hat when he walked in his garden, in order not to frighten the birds. He used to test his top-hats by standing on them. Rich days!

WHEN a junior Minister told us the other day that he was quite sure that "American millionaires would always retain a preference for English clothes" a frightening vision arose of a London—indeed, a whole country—reduced to the level of a peasantry living on the sale of its arts and crafts to foreign tourists.

I wonder whether we are quite correct in continuing to assume that the world still follows Savile Row tailoring? In the past few months I have met many Americans able to afford English tailoring, some of them in a

position—if they were so disposed—to buy up Savile Row (I might have added "lock, stock and barrel," but that is impossible as the locks are at the end of the Row in the police station which has now taken the place of Vine Street as the fashionable *gendarmerie*).

These Americans have all been wearing clothes so loose as to suggest that they have been bought "off the peg." The talented Mr. Daniel Kaye demonstrated in London this fashion: loose coat suggesting the wearer is a college football player, absence of a waistcoat ("vest," to Americans) and general air of amiable and honest spivviness, if such be possible.

THAT these clothes probably *were* bought ready-made was suggested to me by an American whom I have met and who appeared to be more than somewhat an expert on the American male and his tastes in adornment. The hand-painted tie displaying nudes and evidence of *delirium tremens*, he said, was never worn by the really smart man. At present, tie fashions are running the gamut of Indian cavalry regiments.

The reason that even the wealthy buy ready-made suits is that they are apt to be better made than those by the available "custom" tailors. A wearable ready-made can be bought for \$75, about £18 at the present rate of exchange. Before the war a good Savile Row suit cost £14 upwards.

Now it is nearer £40.

But if English tailoring is to retain its former supremacy it cannot be left to the tailor's demise. It must be by the way the Englishman himself wears his clothes. And the truth is that few men to-day—with the purchase tax as it stands—can afford to spend

much money, and consequently thought, on new clothes.

We are now threatened with longer coats and narrower trousers. A return to high white collars and straw hats in the spring and it's 1914 all over again.

WHERE we might claim some considerable influence is in the realm of naval and military tailoring. In the days when I saw the late President Woodrow Wilson walking down Fifth Avenue in a funny little morning-coat and top-hat carrying a child's flag over his shoulder (was it 1917?) the American naval officers with him wore a collarless uniform strangely like that of the Salvation Army.

Shortly after the first World War the U.S.N. copied the Royal Navy in such precise fashion that it is often difficult, from certain angles, to tell the two navies apart to-day.

General Sir Sam Browne would doubtless have been interested to see the belt he devised during his Indian service adopted as a standard by most of the police forces of the U.S.—also by the S.S. corps in Germany, cinema commissioners and a strange variety of uniformed males and females.

Jodhpurs, although not wholly English, also set a fashion. So has the school "blazer." Indeed, English school fashions are now regular throughout the States for boys in their teens—which does not prevent, of course, many thinking that all English youth wears the peculiar dress as worn by Mickey Rooney when he was at Eton in a film.

The crest worn on the left breast of many blazers seems now to be universal, if pictures of the recent Olympic Games competitors are any judge.

The origin of the contemporary battle-dress seems in doubt, but Montgomery certainly wore it before Eisenhower (if I may be excused from giving those two gallant men their correct military prefixes).

On the other hand, we abandoned puttees and took to the leggings which were ridiculed as impractical when worn by the original "Doughboys."

ANOTHER frightening spectre arises when one hears of the *Oliver Twist* film being banned in New York because of the anti-Semitic nature of our dear old schoolboy friend Fagin.

If submitted to sufficient boards, councils and committees of Nosey Parkers I dare say it would be easy to have the whole of Dickens removed not only from the film screens but from library bookshelves. Some advanced thinkers might even say that the saccharine quality of Dickens's heroines gives readers so unreal an idea of womanhood that thousands of the young have faced marriage with maladjusted minds.

It now only needs a protest from the Lord Mayor of London that Dickens has portrayed his town as a place of noisome alleys, ill-lit streets, thieves' dens and wholesale skullduggery at all social levels. Strangely enough—the English don't seem to mind. Anyone can be rude about the Englishman.

Nearly everyone is nowadays.

There might well be some cause for mild complaint that in the comic strips which provide mental nourishment for millions of Americans, young and old, the Englishman is almost invariably drawn as a monocled fop, with retreating chin and forehead. And not even the war has altered this illusion.

Some of these "historical" comic strips, by the way, are rather offensive in showing the fop with a Nazi sneer on his face slaughtering or torturing Indians, Africans, early U.S. settlers, slaves and Irish.

One wonders at the nationality of their authors.

WHEN Government statistics are flatly contradicted—there has lately been a difference about the amount of sugar in this country—I am reminded of one of the most fabulous gaffes ever perpetrated even by Whitehall.

It was in the spring of 1917 and our merchant shipping losses were so great that, as Jellicoe told Admiral Sims of the United States Navy, it might be impossible to continue the war unless they were checked. A number of younger naval officers—mostly commanders—were urging the convoy system, then in operation on a small scale between England and France. They caught the ear of the new Prime Minister, Lloyd George, who asked the Admiralty what was being done.

The answer was that, even if convoys were practical—and it was absurd to think that mere merchant officers could "keep station" in convoy—it would be impossible to supply enough destroyers. Did Mr. Lloyd George realize that ships were arriving at United Kingdom ports at the rate of 2,500 weekly? And that there were fewer than 300 destroyers available, the bulk of them serving with the Grand Fleet at Scapa?

So the losses by torpedoing went on.

Then a thoughtful young commander, by the name of Henderson, managed to examine the Admiralty statistics. He found that the correct figure was not 2,500, but one hundred and forty a week! What had happened was that the Admiralty statisticians had counted in coastal traffic—little ships perhaps touching two ports a day—together with the ocean-going steamers, of which there were only twenty arriving a day.

—Gordon Beckles

OCTOBER

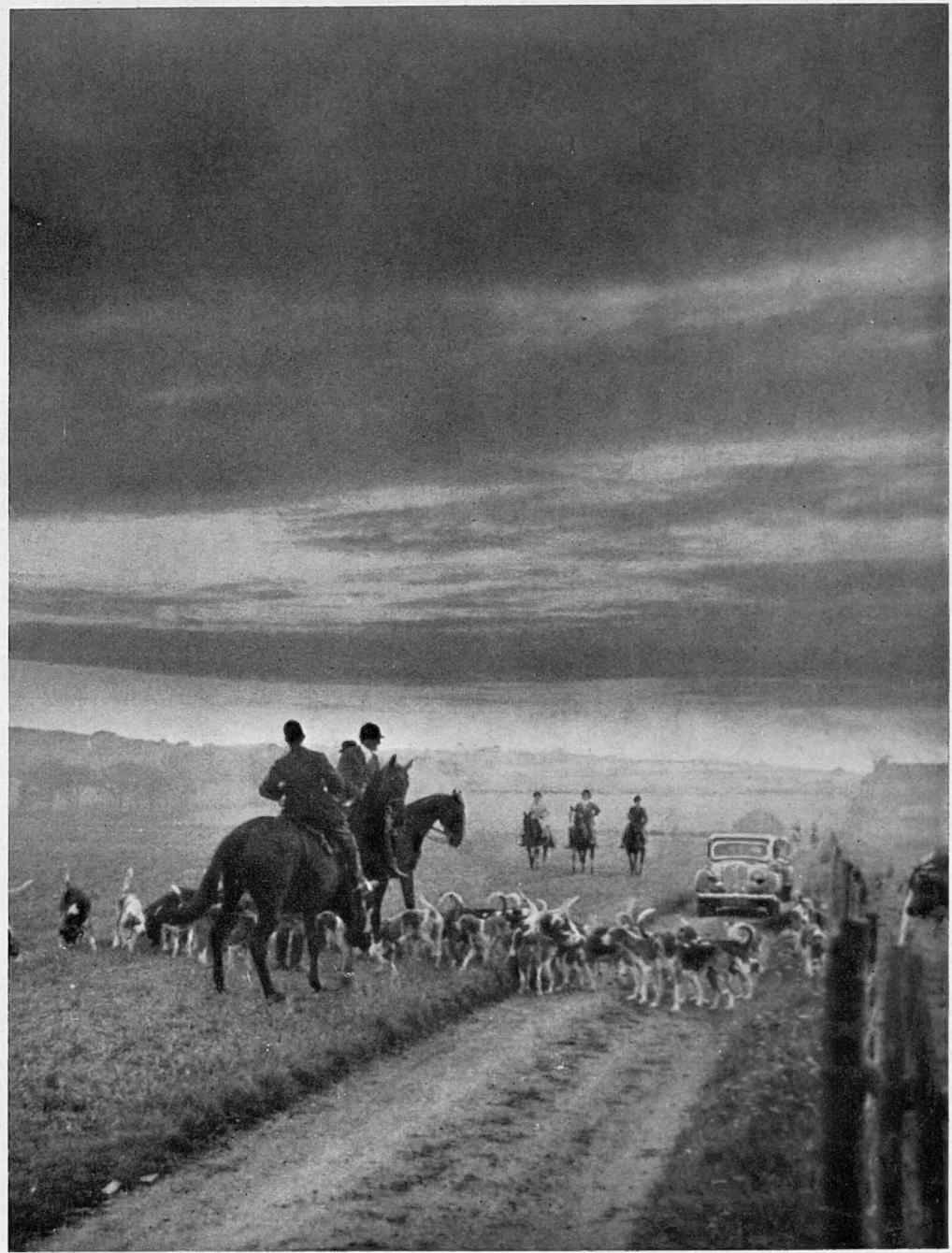


*Now sun-riden Summer's fleeting,
Overhaul the central heating.
Scudding down the winds of Autumn.
Carpet-slippers, have you bought 'em?
Southward! Southward! Summer's urgent,
Boiler-coke—contact your merchant.
Urgent-footed, verdant-frocked,
Summer's fleeting. This is Oct.*



*South! Another Spring attends her,
Are you set for influenza?
Kindling in anticipation;
Rum can be a consolation.
Spring uprising new, but Summer
Telephone to book the plumber.
Swung between the Poles and rocked
Across the ages. This is Oct.*

—Justin Richardson



Walter Effner, Bexhill

FIRST DAY'S CUBBING of the East Sussex Hunt was attended by sixty-eight members of the Hunt's branch of the Pony Club, some of whom are seen arriving at 6 a.m. on a misty September morning. Lord Burghley, M.F.H., hunted hounds, and the young people, who had been attending a seven-day rally at Collington Lane, Bexhill, enjoyed five hours sport after the Master had given them a short talk on the objects of cub-hunting

At the Theatre

THEATRICAL occasions are usually memorable for an especial reason, a single happy merit which earmarks them for the memory, but here is an evening's entertainment with three claims to distinction. The first is Mr. Terence Rattigan, the author of the plays of which the bill is composed: the second and third are Mr. Eric Portman and Miss Mary Ellis.

Most people of the theatre with a message are reckoned quite rightly to be bores, but here by way of a change are three with something to say in addition to the written word. The thought in common would appear to be this: "Too long have we been regarded as lightweights; suave, competent entertainers and no more. We are in fact adult, intelligent, sophisticated, and with few contemporary equals in our own line of business."

The Browning Version, the first of the two one-act plays, shows Mr. Rattigan as an author who can be tragic and trivial, sentimental and poignant by turns, yet always acutely vivid, a playwright whose dialogue is as commonplace as life itself, yet who is never dull and frequently most deeply moving.

The setting is the study of a public school master, Andrew Crocker-Harris (Eric Portman).

This pathetic Mr. Chips *manqué* is broken in health, and on the point of retirement. He is utterly deficient in charm or warmth, but armed with a private integrity which has moments of grandeur.

Millie, his wife (Mary Ellis) is a faithless and worthless virago who despises his physical weakness and is too stupid and rapacious to help him overcome the coldness which has made him a scholastic failure. She is fighting a losing skirmish for the affections of a young assistant master (Hector Ross) who clearly represents for her the last hope of the type of romance she has missed.

The immediate questions upon which the story turns superficially are simple: is Andrew to have pride of place as the farewell speaker on Speech Day, and is young Taplow (Peter Scott)—the only schoolboy we meet—going to get his remove? But these are trivial symbols: the matter of the play is human dignity, its frailty, and the frightening consequences of mere propinquity.

Mr. Rattigan handles these with a dexterous economy of words and action—there is hardly a moment when the slightest overtone would not prove disastrous—and the result has all the fascination which the Russians of the last century could conjure into a less comprehensible situation.

As the frustrated wife, Miss Mary Ellis presents a study in repression which is as bitter as gall, and with what mastery does Mr. Portman re-establish his claim to be regarded as one of our most important actors. His Andrew is a type which every schoolboy knows, but rarely in later years can he be remembered with understanding. It is disturbing and enthralling to be shown with such penetration the heartrending courage of the unheroic zealot.

"Playbill" { "The Browning Version"
(Phoenix) { "A Harlequinade"

AFTER this *A Harlequinade* is, as it should be, a refreshing romp, complete with Pantaloons and Policeman. Mr. Portman and Miss Ellis offer magnificent and wicked lampoons of an over-publicised theatrical couple on whom middle age is creeping beneath the grease paint. The Gosports, man and wife, are rehearsing *Romeo and Juliet* (under the auspices of the Arts Council) and opening their tour in a modest Midlands theatre. How well we all know this sort of production. To the malicious mind a good half-dozen names leap up as originals for these caricatures and each familiar touch is an added sauce to delight the palate.

The farce concerns the quite minor affair of the leading actors' domestic past, presented in the shape of a forgotten and all too local daughter and—which is infinitely more important—an unexpected grandson.

Is the great Romeo by some casual oversight a bigamist? How irksome! But is he also a grandfather? How tragic, how unthinkable!

Not that either problem is of any consequence: the frolic is the thing. The two principals, aided superbly by Miss Marie Lohr as the Grande Dame of the theatre, and Mr. Hector Ross as the stage manager, toss wit, buffoonery and fair comment around far more adroitly than any team of music-hall jugglers. To this fine broth Master Peter Scott adds a touch of youth which is nicely judged. But let us make no mistake about it: the evening is for adults and sophisticated adults in particular, though this should certainly not prevent the management from keeping the "House Full" boards pleasantly free of dust for many months.

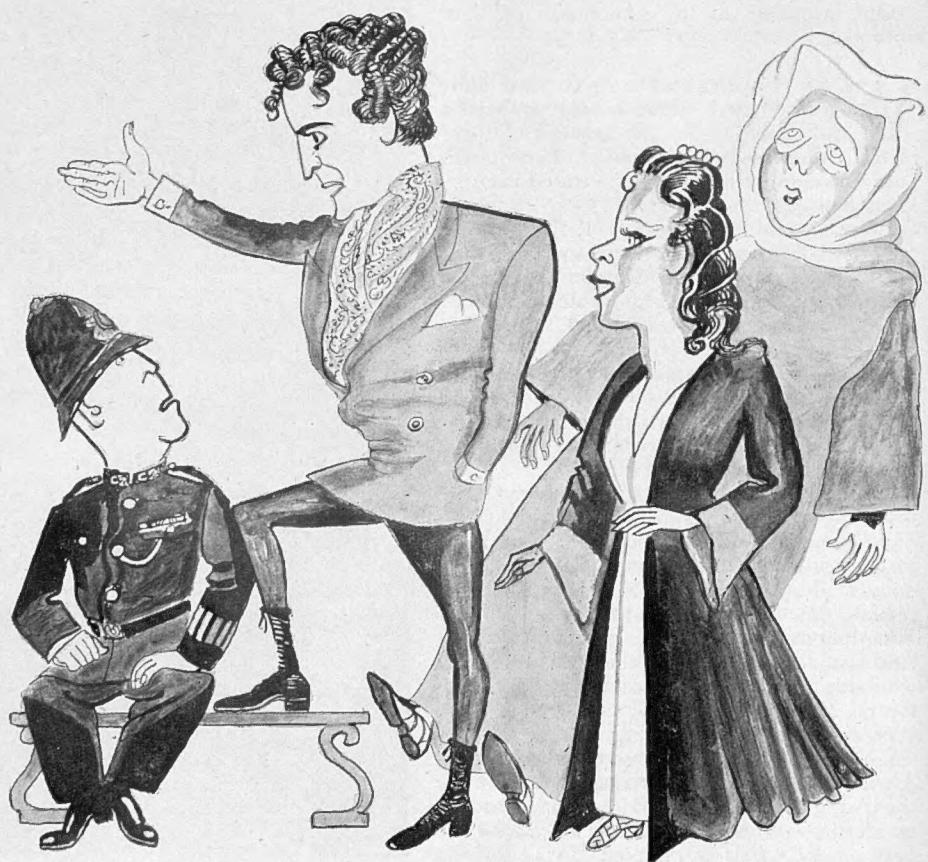
Y. C.

Anthony Cookman, at present on holiday, will resume his theatre criticisms next week.



Tom Titt Takes His Sketchbook to the Play

Tom Taplow (Hector Ross), an assistant master, with Millie Crocker-Harris (Mary Ellis) reflect with scorn upon her unsuccessful husband (Eric Portman) whose failure as a classics master leads to his ill-health and eventual retirement



In *Harlequinade* the fun moves swiftly when Arthur Gosport (Eric Portman) as the leading man of a theatrical company discourses with the local policeman on the question of absent-minded bigamy and its consequences. This amusing satire on the theatrical world includes Mary Ellis as a leading lady and a delightful performance by Marie Lohr as Dame Maud Gosport



Elizabeth Allan, the actress, with her husband, Major W. J. O'Bryen, of London Films



Mrs. Beverley Baxter with the Hon. Mrs. B. H. Burns, daughter of the late Lord Duveen



Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., Lady Juliet Duff, niece of the Earl of Lonsdale, and Mr. Simon Fleet



Author of "Playbill," Terence Rattigan, reading a large pile of telegrams sent to him by well-wishers on the opening night

First Night of Terence Rattigan's "Playbill" at the Phoenix



Prince Littler, the theatrical producer, with Mrs. William Dwight Whitney (Adrienne Allen, the actress)



Prince Svelode and Mrs. J. Dawson discuss the cast of the two plays which make up "Playbill"



Anne Crawford (left) and Jean Simmons, the film actresses, congratulate Eric Portman after the show

Tasker, Press Illustrations

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

The Actress and the Crane

FILM studios used to be places for learning patience if no other virtue. I can remember whole afternoons spent in Greater London huddling under hot lamps, watching stars receive last-minute attention from the make-up artists or pad back and forth between their deck chairs and their portable dressing-rooms. Occasionally they would stand up, shed their wrappers, take up a position in front of the camera, speak a line or two of dialogue and then relax again. Director, technicians and innumerable unidentifiable persons would then confer interminably until the same fragment of a scene would be shot again from a different angle.

If half a minute of screen time was achieved during the whole afternoon's work the time of some dozens of people would be regarded as well spent.

Last week, full of such dismal memories and expectations, I set off again for Elstree to watch Alfred Hitchcock's new pre-edited, "long-take" methods at work on *Under Capricorn*. A quarter of an hour after I arrived the camera on its crane started turning. Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten played an emotional scene lasting three consecutive minutes. The scene was twice repeated and less than an hour later the stars were posing for "stills."

THREE minutes doesn't sound much, but anybody who has ever spent weary hours in film studios will know that it is equal to the record "take" by the old methods. By Hitchcock's new system three minutes is a minimum. I saw the six sets through which the now famous "nine-minute take" had been played; the huge three-man crane followed the players through six rooms, while each piece of furniture as it passed out of the camera's angle of vision was cleared out of the path of the crane. I stood in what I chose as an unobtrusive corner, only to find the small crane in use that day backing down upon me.

It is never safe to prophesy the results of new inventions in the cinema. There will be no chance of judging the Hitchcock system by its fruits and telling whether it will give screen movement a quite new fluidity until we see *Rope*—which I understand is made without a cut. But it does not need much mechanical imagination to recognize that if the new system becomes more than a stunt it will revolutionize many aspects of the cinema.

Cranes have been growing more and more fashionable in studios as opponents of *Hamlet* found occasion to complain. But a pre-edited script begins by undermining the whole *montage* conception elaborated by the Russians and swallowed by Western film-makers to the extent of admitting that films are made in the cutting-room, the conception of individual shots as the raw material of film.

IT should be obvious to the intelligence of an extra, too, that three-minute, nine-minute, or why not twenty-minute takes, if they become a general practice, will start a new struggle for survival of the fittest film players just as did the coming of talkies. The new demand made is nothing so

elementary as the mere learning of lines. Diehard detractors of film acting have hitherto been able to argue that the emptiest head could be filled by a patient director with enough *ersatz* thought or feeling to register for half a minute in front of the camera. It takes something more to sustain for minutes on end a scene of the kind I watched Ingrid Bergman play.

Perhaps because I had not previously watched so sustained a piece of film acting, I felt I had never seen such intelligent, sensitive work before the camera. The grading of feeling, the calculated facial immobility, the perpetual vigilance of position seemed to me a visible refutation of all the arguments I have ever listened to about film-acting being nitwit's play.

INGRID BERGMAN is at the very peak of her career on stage and screen. Here, it seemed to me, was the person to speak with authority on the never-ending dispute over stage-acting and screen-acting. The circumstances also were appropriate, for it might be thought the new long look of the camera brought the two closer together.

Miss Bergman was as clear in her exposition as in her acting. Soundly she confirmed that acting, whether for stage or screen, is rooted in one and the same place—the imagination; that only the techniques are divergent. Last year, when she came back from playing Joan of Arc on the stage to play the same part for the screen, Miss Bergman at first found herself all over the place, making gestures outside the camera's range and scandalizing her colleagues by the breadth of her interpretation until she recaptured the more intimate precision of her film technique. On the stage, as she said, you can expand in all directions; for the screen "the more you think and the less you do, the more effective it will be."

Her own work, as I watched her, under the extra-hot Technicolor lights, every muscle, every shade of emotion under an iron control, left no doubt that the despised business of film-acting can be at least as intensely concentrated a mental activity as stage-acting.

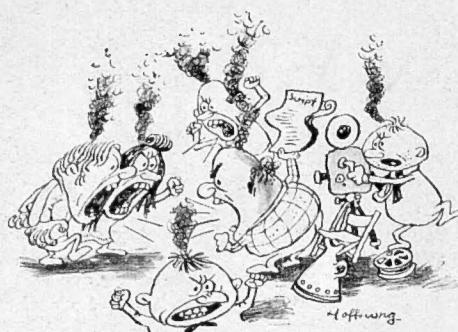
ALSO on the set of *Under Capricorn*, I met Margaret Leighton, who looks to me like the new hope of that elusive British feminine star our studios have been seeking for so long. Her performance in *The Winslow Boy* (Plaza) was on that account to me the most delightful surprise of the picture.

In the part played on the stage by Angela Baddeley, Miss Leighton not only has a natural elegance of speech and manner positively soothing to find upon the screen; she behaves like an adult human being and has that most precious gift of making you feel every time she appears on the screen that the character she plays has life outside those few moments before the camera.

Last time we had a feminine British star of this quality in Deborah Kerr, we lost her to Hollywood; Joan Greenwood, who looked a likely possibility, is only just within sight of settling down to stardom six years after she was discovered in *The Gentle Sex*. Margaret Leighton at least is starting with a flourish with *The Winslow Boy*, *Bonnie Prince Charlie*,



Francis L. Sullivan in "The Winslow Boy"



"... places for learning patience if no other virtue"

in which she plays Flora Macdonald, and *Under Capricorn* (in a character part). So let us hope that this time British studios have recognized a gracious lady when they saw one.

PART from Miss Leighton's performance, *The Winslow Boy* is a conventional, high-grade film version of a successful stage play—adapted, incidentally, by the dramatist, Terence Rattigan, and his producer, Anatole de Grunwald.

For those who didn't see the original play, and I did not, the film version will be a very adequate substitute. With those who did, I can sympathize over the inevitable dissipation of the play's energies on a tour of Wimbledon, Westminster and the Law Courts, and the attempt to blend the indirect narration of the play with the court scene the cinema could not resist. But the Archer-Shee case, on which the play was based, the story of a father's sacrifice of everything he had and the summoning of the whole paraphernalia of Parliament and English justice to clear a small boy of the charge of stealing five shillings, is in itself so moving that those who have not seen the play can hardly fail to be grateful for the film.

Robert Donat, as the K.C., always a somewhat theatrical character, and Cedric Hardwicke as the austere and upright father, are of course both expert, but the story, this time, is the thing.

I HARDLY recognized, in *The Weaker Sex* (Odeon, Marble Arch), Esther McCracken's amusing play about the domestic front *No Medals* which I saw nearly three years ago.

Had the film been shown at that time, I don't doubt most of us might have responded to it with that grateful benevolence for familiar things which would make us overlook the phoney settings which hardly even pretend, for the sake of venting a few good-tempered, homely grievances.

But the ration books are up to date and the film seems to aspire to be regarded as a miniature post-war *Caucade*. Its V-Day rejoicings seem to-day so out of joint as to be almost tasteless, but if a film cannot be good it may as well be good-tempered, and the tolerant will find a fair amount to laugh at.

Douglas Fairbanks has inherited so much of his father's gusto, historical romances are such an ideal form of entertainment, and the Stuarts so much the perfect heroes for such romances, that it is difficult to see why *The Exile* (New Gallery) should not have been made just a fraction more seriously. It guys itself, however, with graceful good will, and Mr. Fairbanks's Charles the Second in the Low Countries has a certain human dignity as well as athletic prowess.

The Exile is the kind of healthy romp nobody need feel too grown up to enjoy. But what a film on this subject could and should be made, and did Charles's anonymous countess (Maria Montez) have to drive up and down the studio floor, shouting at every departure all but "allez-hup"?

LJUBA WELITSCH, principal soprano of the Vienna State Opera, has been singing the title rôle of *Aïda* as guest-artist of the Covent Garden Opera Company, and next week will be seen as Musetta in *La Bohème*. She made her operatic debut in London in the autumn of last year, when the Vienna company gave a short season at Covent Garden, appearing with outstanding success in the rôle of Salome, and of Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, and also making several concert appearances. She has this summer been singing at the Edinburgh Festival with the Glyndebourne Opera. With her in *La Bohème* will be that other distinguished Viennese singer, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf





Capt. A. Frazer Nash, Earl Howe, and Mr. F. H. Bale were stewards at the first post-war Junior Car Club meeting held at the former Goodwood aerodrome



The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon on her way to the paddock. The Duke is owner of the track



Sir Francis Samuelson, Bt., in his Cooper before the start of the race for the "baby" 500's

Motor Racing at Goodwood



Mr. E. W. Cheadle with the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry. The Hon. Denis Berry is Viscount Kemsley's second son



Mr. Charles Walsh and Mr. C. H. Drayson were two more spectators who enjoyed the racing



Mr. Patrick Hall, whose Healey was third in the first race, with his wife and Mr. M. Allison



Mrs. Monica Whincop chatting to Mr. C. W. Lambton, who drove a Bugatti in one of the sports car events



Mr. David Lewis, who entered his Monza Alfa-Romeo, for supercharged racing cars, with Miss Georgina Williams



Mr. G. Ansell in his E.R.A. before the start of the Goodwood Trophy Race



The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, President of the J.C.C., makes the closing speech



Mr. Reg. Parnell (Maserati) receives the Goodwood Trophy from the Hon. Denis Berry



The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, Lord Ashfield's elder daughter, with Cdr. Redmond McGrath

Swaeb



A novel event, the Young Judges' Competition for the Chester Beatty Challenge Cup. The show and gymkhana were held at Nineveh Farm, near Benenden, Kent

The Ashford Valley Hunt Pony Club Show



Col. H. Kirwan-Taylor with his three daughters, Shirley, Jane and Caroline, intently watching one of the classes



Winner of the Handy Pony Competition, Kristina Neilson, with Sweet William and Irish Flame



Gillian Lawson, on Black Beauty, with her father, Mr. John Lawson, who was a gymkhana steward



Winners of the Riding Championship Cups: Ariel Luke on Paddy (Junior) and Sally Betts on Jo-Boy (Senior)



Lt.-Col. Viscount Allenby, who lives at Biddenden, and Mrs. Lloyd Maunsell inspect one of the entries with approval



General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Conrad Collier and Mr. J. H. Keeling, who were gymkhana judges

HUNTING NOTES

AS the hunting season approaches there is every promise that the Lincolnshire packs will have a successful season. This, in the main, is attributed to the fact that pony clubs have sprung up in all parts of the district, and at the gymkhana this season scores of budding fox-hunters have been seen making themselves efficient for the sport to begin. True cubbing began rather late this season, owing to the backward harvest, but during the process of cutting, quite a lot of foxes were disturbed and daylight raids have been committed. In the Belvoir and Blankney countries there is every prospect of a good season under the old regimes, and in the Burton country Dr. W. B. R. Monteith, of Aisthorpe Hall, and Mr. W. S. Lockwood, of Scampton House, with C. Mitchell as huntsman, will control operations.

THE Beaufort are having the same hunting days this season as last, four days per week, with the Master hunting hounds on Wednesday and Saturday and Ted Read the other two days. The puppy show this year revealed that there is a very good young entry, and all hope to have an exhilarating season's sport.

THERE is a change in the Joint-Mastership of the Hertfordshire Hounds, due to Lt.-Col. D. C. Part giving up after having held office for eighteen seasons, including the difficult war years when it was largely due to his efforts that the pack was kept going. His place as Joint-Master is taken by the Hon. Mrs. Harrison, who now joins Lt.-Col. R. C. Faulconer. Charlie Samways is again hunting hounds, with his brother George, from the Newmarket and Thurlow, to whip in to him. Cub-hunting began during the first week in September.

IN the Warwickshire country there is good promise of foxes. The Masters have put on three couple of young dog hounds and ten couple of un-entered bitches to the pack. Barry Boyle, who is now a huntsman in Shropshire, has been replaced by Jack King from the South Atherstone, and the second whipper-in is the son of Durno, the Heythrop huntsman.

CUBBING in the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) country was at first largely confined to the park on account of the late harvest, Lady Apsley directing operations in her car every morning, as Col. Townsend was away. The Hon. George Bathurst had a bad fall a week or two ago and broke his collar-bone and arm when his horse collided with a tree.

M R. MICHAEL BERRY and his sister, Mrs. Long, continue their Joint-Mastership of the Woodland Pytchley, and the Hunt staff remains the same as last season. A very useful young entry has been put on and everybody is looking forward to good sport. Cubbing started early in September, when hounds were taken to Spring Wood.

THE Whaddon Chase have made an early start with the cubs, of which there are encouraging reports from all parts of their country. A committee, under the chairmanship of Lt.-Col. W. Selby-Lowndes, continues in charge, with Major C. S. Drabble as Acting Master. Alec Cluett has an exceptionally fit and handsome pack of hounds in kennel, and great things are expected of them.

M AJOR STANLEY BARRATT, who had the Old Berkeley Hounds (and subsequently the East pack when the country was divided) for eighteen seasons, has now left to take up residence in the Pytchley country, and a committee has taken over the Old Berkeley (East) Hounds, with Col. G. de Chair, of Shantock Hall, Bovingdon, as Acting Master. The new entry includes some fine young bitches, and Ernest Young will be carrying the horn this season, with Ben Nunn turning hounds to him. Cub-hunting began on September 3rd, when the meet was at Sarratt Green.

Major and Mrs. Barratt actually left Great Westwood in early July, prior to which a presentation was made to the retiring Master as a mark of esteem for his long and successful term of office, the presentation being made by Mr. Harry Darvell.



Tasker, Press Illustrations



Princess Hélène de Ligne, daughter of Prince and Princess Albert de Ligne, shaking hands with the Burgomaster of Brussels after her wedding to Mr. Peter Francis Whitwell. They were married at the Church of Ste. Gudule. The bridegroom, the son of Mrs. Francis A. Whitwell, of Tenby, Pembrokeshire, is on the bride's left, and on her right are her mother and father and Mr. Hugh Whitwell

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Returning to London from Scotland at the end of the first week of October, the King, following the routine he has established in the post-war years, has planned to spend a fortnight or more at Sandringham, taking advantage of the excellent prospects reported by his keepers for the pheasant season. His Majesty has invited a number of guns to spend a few days with him in Norfolk, including the Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. David Bowes-Lyon and Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Royal Household, who, I hear, will be retiring at the end of the year.

Before his departure for Sandringham, the King had one important engagement on his diary, the reception at Buckingham Palace of delegates to the African Colonial Conference. Another most important Empire engagement has been arranged for later in the winter, when, on November 10th, the King and Queen will entertain to dinner at the Palace the Prime Ministers of the Dominions who will be visiting London for the Imperial Conference.

THE QUEEN, whose plans are to remain in Scotland for a week or more after the King and Princess Elizabeth have come south, took a personal interest in the arrangements for this dinner party. Knowing, as she does, all the Dominion representatives personally, the Queen has compiled a menu suited to their individual tastes, and will plan the table seating with greater regard for personal friendships than for official status or ceremonial precedent, since this is a good deal more in the nature of a family party than a formal dinner of State.

A Dominion matter which is foremost in the minds of the King and Queen is their tour of New Zealand and Australia next year. In recent weeks, the King has had many informal talks on this matter, when various details, including the choice of officers for the Vanguard, have been under discussion. One suggestion from Australia which is certain to meet with Royal approval is, I hear, the putting-up by one of the Australian Turf clubs of a gold cup, to be known as the King's Cup, which it is hoped the King will himself present to the winning owner at the Sydney races.

* * *

THE Guatemalan Minister and Mme. Ydigoras Fuentes received the guests at Canning House when they held a reception to celebrate the Independence Day of the Republic of Guatemala. As at all parties held at the Latin-American headquarters, the flowers which abounded everywhere were beautifully arranged, and the buffet was delicious. Here I met Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, who had paid her annual visit to Virginia Water this summer, and had also been down staying in the West Country; we were joined by her son, the Marquess of Willingdon, who told me he had spent several years in Guatemala and enjoyed it enormously, but that it was one of the few countries his much-travelled mother had never visited. Sir John Monck was greeting many members of the Corps Diplomatique, including the Iraqi Ambassador, the Syrian Minister, the Cuban Minister, and the Mexican Minister. The Chinese Ambassador was accompanied by Mme. Cheng, and told me they had been too busy to take a holiday this summer. The Lebanese Minister was chatting to Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, and nearby I saw Marie Lady Hood and her two younger sons Alan and Robin. Robin told me he had spent his summer holiday in France.

FROM here I went on to another very enjoyable cocktail party given by Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch at the White Lodge, Richmond. This is the first cocktail party Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch has ever given in her lovely home, which for many years was the domicile of various members of the Royal family. Queen Mary and the late King George lived there for some time; the Duke of Windsor was born there, and the present King and Queen used White Lodge as their country house soon after they were married. The hostess, who looked charming in a long black velvet dress trimmed with silver fox fur, also had her youngest son, Jeremy Reynolds-Albertini, to help her entertain the guests, who numbered over a hundred. Jeremy, who is only fifteen, but is already six feet tall, was saying how sorry he was that the holidays were ended and that he had to return to his school the following day.

Among the guests I met enjoying this excellent party were the Mayor and Mayoress of Kingston, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, the Duke de San Lucar, who had to leave early to go on to a theatre, the Dowager Lady Rumbold, Sir Louis and Lady Greig, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who was chatting to Air Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney. The last-named told me how thrilled she was that her daughter is arriving home from South America this month.

Others wending their way through the fine reception rooms and admiring the magnificent tapestries hung so charmingly on pale-green brocaded walls included Sir George Harvie-Watt, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who plans to hold another of his Allied receptions this autumn, the Mayor of Richmond, Lady Waddilove, Sir Edward Ellington, Mrs. Stewart Brown, Lord and Lady Auckland (he is House Governor of the Royal Hospital, Richmond, and Governor of the Star and Garter Home), the Mayoress of Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carr. Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch will be leaving us at the end of October for several months, as

they go out for their annual visit to their house on Sea Island, Georgia, U.S.A.

IN a letter from Australia I hear that Major-Gen. Sir Winston Dugan, who has been Governor of Victoria since 1939, has consented to take on another term of service. His retirement was announced before the Royal visit was arranged, and an appeal both by the people and the Government made him change his mind. Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, have made a tremendous success of their Australian tour, and played to packed houses everywhere. Sir Laurence, who has done so much for the theatre in this country, has also given considerable advice and help to the Australian Government on the question of founding a National Theatre in Australia. Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, I hear, will make their return to the London stage about the middle of January.

The Grand Opera season has just opened in Melbourne. The Governor-General and Mrs. McKell, with their daughter, sat in the centre of the dress circle on the opening night, when I hear the women's dresses and jewels were a dazzling sight, as in pre-war days. Others in the audience that evening to hear Verdi's *Aida* included Mr. George Armstrong, son of Dame Nellie Melba, whose full-length portrait by Rupert Binney hangs on the stairs of the theatre. He sat in a box with his wife and their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. William Vestey, and impresario Mr. Nevin Tait. In the stalls were Sir Norman and Lady Brookes, who sailed for England a few days later; he will be remembered by many Wimbledon lawn-tennis enthusiasts, as he played some memorable matches on the Centre Court. Sitting near them were Florence Austral, the noted Australian Wagnerian singer, and Glenda Raymond, the young soprano who sang much of the vocal side of the broadcast of the *Life of Melba*; she also sailed a few days later for London, where she is coming to study with Signor Dino Borgioli.

THE Devon and Exeter Chases were run over the beautiful course at Haldon, near Exeter. Fair weather graced both days, though on the first day many people were seen clutching on to their hats in the high wind. That good amateur steeplechase rider Lord Mildmay of Flete was one of the stewards; another steward, Admiral Sir Arthur Peters, was talking to Sir Gilbert and Lady Acland-Troyte; Sir Gilbert, who is joint-Master of the Tiverton Foxhounds, said he had already been cub-hunting that morning. Another joint-M.F.H., the Hon. Mrs. Peek, of the Dartmoor Hunt, was in great form, and had backed three winners in four races.

Amongst those at Haldon were the Earl and Countess of Devon, Mrs. Balfour, very smart in scarlet, Sir Henry and Lady Imbert-Terry, and the Hon. Mrs. Parker and her three good-looking



The Two Daughters of the Hon. Keith Ross, brother of the Earl of Stradbroke, at their home at Bideford. Christine is two years old and Henrietta one. Their mother is the eldest daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Arthur Asquith, D.S.O., of Clovelly Court, N. Devon

sons. Some of the younger generation I saw enjoying the excellent racing were Capt. and Mrs. Anthony Gibbs, Miss Vernon William Powlett, Miss Lucy Dorrien-Smith, Lady Paulina Pepys, Miss Gillian Shelley, Mr. John Brooke; Miss Elizabeth Quicke and her brother David, on leave from his regiment, and Miss Anne Lumley, looking very attractive in brown.

At an interesting film première, cinematograph history was made when Mr. Archie A. Shenburn presented the important French film *Derrière ces Murs* at his two adjoining cinemas simultaneously. At the Berkeley Cinema the film was shown with English dialogue, while next door, at the Continentale, the film was shown in its original version, with English sub-titles.

Derrière ces Murs is the film reconstruction of the famous R.A.F. raid on Amiens Prison in 1944, when 100 French hostages held by the Germans were liberated by incredible precision-bombing of the prison, when the R.A.F. were able to blow the prison doors, breach the walls, and allow the hostages to escape at the moment when the German firing squad were about to execute them. Leader of this R.A.F. epic was G/Capt. Percy Pickard, who was shot down at the climax of the raid. At the première, where a collection was made for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, the R.A.F. was well represented by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Basil Embry, who helped plan the raid, Viscount Trenchard, who came with Lady Trenchard, Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Slessor, and G/Capt. Douglas Bader, accompanied by Mrs. Bader.

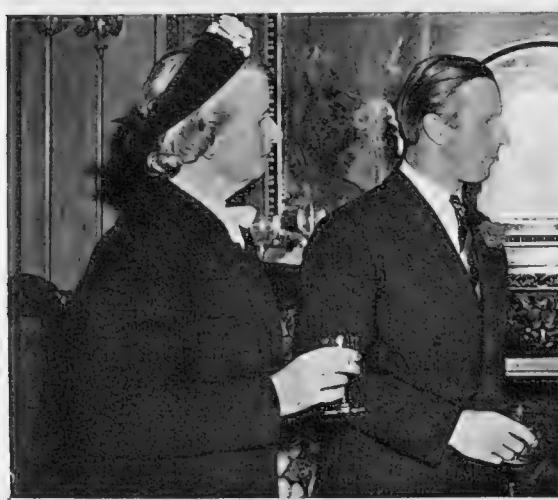
Lady Cedric Hardwicke, sister of the late Percy Pickard, was also there. With her came her brother, G/Capt. Walter Pickard, her two sisters, and Miss Estelle Brodie, star of silent picture days. The Marquess of Blandford brought a small party, and others attending the première included Miss Binnie Barnes, who was accompanied by Major Charles Austin, Miss Sarah Churchill escorted by Mr. Anthony Beauchamp, and Miss Linden Travers with her husband, Mr. Jim Holman.

IN most cases English debutantes are the worst-dressed and worst-groomed girls I see anywhere. With few exceptions I still see most of them wearing their hair in unbrushed shaggy manes around their shoulders, so-called "New Look" clothes literally thrown on their backs with accessories that have never been given a moment's thought, and make-up that is usually equally slapdash. This unkempt look has become much more apparent in contrast to the hundreds of neatly turned-out and well-groomed American girls who have visited England this summer.

I was very interested to meet a young American girl at a party given for her recently at the Dorchester; this was Miss Sally Hardesty, who was on a two-weeks trip to London and Paris, where she was being shown the autumn fashion collections in the big houses of both cities, and the social life of both London and Paris as the guest of *Glamour*, the American fashion magazine. She had won their contest for the best ideas on how to manage to dress and live with taste by a girl on a limited income. Miss Hardesty, who is a capable girl with poise and assurance, told me she had supported herself by earning her own living in New York as a packaging designer since she graduated. Her motto, she said, is "quality not quantity," and her aim had always been to look crisp, smart and uncluttered, and I thought how successful it was, as I looked at her hair with the new shell cut and her neat little hat and velvet suit.

If only the heads of girls' schools in this country would realise that instruction from experts for their seniors in buying and wearing clothes and the care of hair and make-up is just as essential as dancing and cookery lessons to the modern English girl if she is going to hold her own in the competitive world of to-day! I am sure our leading fashion magazines will do all they can to encourage the young, but they need co-operation from those responsible for the upbringing of the young British girl.

PRINCESS ALICE and the Earl of Athlone have promised to attend the Children's Dancing matinée arranged by Miss Dorice Stainer at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, on October 12th, in aid of that very deserving organisation, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.



Lord Rathdonnell's Third Daughter is Christened at Rathvilly, Co. Carlow

Mrs. Eustace Duckett with Lord Rathdonnell, who is the fourth baron, at the christening party at Lisnavagh



Lady Rathdonnell, formerly Miss Pamela Drew, of Eversley, Westmorland, with the baby, the Hon. Pamela Rosemary McClintock-Bunbury



Lord Rathdonnell's three other children, the Hons. Katharine, Hermione and Thomas McClintock-Bunbury



Mrs. J. K. M. Oliver, wife of the owner, leading in Sanvina, after winning the St. Johnstone Handicap Steeplechase



Mr. G. Buchanan, Major and Mrs. Henry Howard and Miss M. J. E. Buchanan. Brilliant weather favoured this popular Scottish meeting



Mrs. David Sutherland and Mrs. D. Skene of Pitlour were two of the spectators



Miss Myra Fanshawe walking to the course with Mr. Donald Stuart-Hamilton

THE PERTH STEEPLECHASE



Cdr. and Mrs. Findanus MacGregor and Mr. Alasdair MacGregor, relatives of Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, came over from Cardney, Dunkeld. The two-day meeting was held over a course of old grasslands in Sccone Palace Park



The Hon. and Mrs. Duthac Carnegie with their son, Robin Carnegie



Miss Jane Drummond Hay, daughter of Major Drummond Hay (right), presents the McKie Memorial Challenge Cup to Mr. Hugh Barclay



Miss J. Scott Pierle, Mr. J. M. C. K. Bell, Miss M. J. E. Buchanan and Mr. J. E. Kennaway at the Perth Hunt Ball, which was held at the County Building, Perth



Sir David Moncreiffe, who is the tenth baronet, with Miss MacGregor of MacGregor



Capt. Iain Moncreiff sitting out with his wife, the Countess of Errol



The Hon. Jean Coates, daughter of Lord Glentanar, dancing during the evening with Mr. Alec Barbour

MEETING AND HUNT BALL



Miss Pamela MacBeth and Mr. Peter Dixon have a refreshing glass between dances



Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stuart, whose husband is a relative of the Marquess of Bute, dancing one of the many reels with Sir David Moncreiffe



Miss Zoe Becher and Mr. Anthony Reid talking to the MacLaines of Lochbuie and Mrs. MacLaine



The Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmett, sister of Viscount Portman, with her son, Mr. Jim Emmett



Mr. A. B. Macnaughton (right) leads in Beau Sabreur, Tommy Burns up, after he had beaten the Aga Khan's Nathoo in a most exciting finish at the Curragh

Pool, Dublin



Mrs. George Garrett, wife of the U.S. Minister to Eire; with Viscountess Adare in the Members' Enclosure

A Short-Head Win in the Irish St. Leger



Sir Percy Loraine, from England, whose Riding Mill was fourth, with Major E. M. Connolly in the paddock



Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, the owner, watching a race with Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, wife of the trainer



Mrs. Norman Macnaughton, daughter-in-law of the winning owner, with Mrs. Jack Counihan, wife of the Irish breeder



Mr. Ben Alder, a prominent follower of the Ward Union, discusses the card with Mrs. Charles Bird, the owner



Miss Pamela Lloyd with Lady Hyacinth Needham, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey



Fennell, Dublin
The Marchioness of Waterford with her two sons, the Marquess of Waterford and Lord Patrick Beresford



M. Vincent Auriol, President of the Fourth Republic, posing for a bust of himself by Marcel Gimond. Replicas in bronze and plaster will be distributed to the Town Halls of France, where it is customary to display a likeness of the President. The sculptor is working in a room of the Elysée Palace, and this is one of the very few occasions when, apart from official appearances, M. Auriol has consented to be photographed

Priscilla of Paris

Trampling the Grapes

THE vendanges are in full swing on my Island, and it was hard to tear myself away in order to run up to Paris for a few parties I felt I ought to attend. Our vendanges are modest affairs. Winemaking is purely local, and the output is not for export. Here and there are an acre or two of vines. But what delicious little purple grapes, tightly bunched together, sun-kissed and scented like muscatels. We picked and picked from dew-drenched morn to red-gold sunset, and later, in great vats, those who were so disposed stamped and stamped. . . . The Island methods of crushing the grapes are distinctly primitive.

Not being a winebibber, but only (and mildly) a cocktail swiller—which I willingly admit is bad taste on my part—I have no qualms; besides, the local feet seemed very clean. The days end in gay, *al fresco* suppers, dancing to the whine of accordions, the twanging of guitars, and the community singing of old Vendéen—therefore Royalist—chanties. This by the light of the full moon. All very happy and warm-hearted and making for marriage bells in early spring.

IT was amusing to go from these village gaieties to the more sophisticated get-togethers of Paris.

Maurice Chevalier's sixtieth birthday party was small but brilliant, and I must name none of the guests lest those who were not present be offended. Even Maurice's fortune would feel the strain if *all* his friends had been invited.

He returned from Belgium for the occasion, having gone to one of his hidey-holes there in order to prepare, in peace and quiet, the song recitals he is to give in Paris this autumn.

Nita Raya was, of course, queen of the party. What we love about Maurice is that he doesn't camouflage his years. His next volume of reminiscences is to be entitled *Grey Hairs*. But then, Maurice, at sixty, is envied by many a paunchy, baggy-eyed thirty-fiver!

Mistinguett rather amazed her pals by giving a party at all. Her flat is a pocket-handkerchief-sized affair perched six storeys above the busy traffic of the Boulevard des Capucines. When one is invited to nibble in her company one sits wherever one can find parking room, with a tray on one's knees. Very cosy, intimate and amusing.

I had time to look in at the Concours Lepine where, annually, all the catchpenny inventions that enchant the unwary are on show. The flying bicycle that, I seem to remember, refused to oblige last year, is the high-light of the exhibition. It is a ponderous looking affair and one hates to think—if it works—of what sky traffic will become in the near future.

I RETURNED to the Island just in time for one of the public sales that delight curio hunters or merely housewives in search of solid pots and pans, crocks, or hand-woven sheets of heavy linen. The sheets, nowadays, are patched and worn, but still hold the makings of skirts, tennis shorts or, at least, dish-cloths! But if one is sentimental and tender-hearted, there is always a melancholy pathos in the display of even a deceased unknown's goods and chattels massed around the auctioneer's desk, piled against the walls and spilling out into the roadway.

Being one of the lucky few whose linen cupboard has survived Occupation, and having a

sufficiency of rustic bric-à-brac, I was only interested in books, and managed to acquire, for a few francs, a parchment-bound French-English dictionary that includes a "Discourse on the Utility of Living Languages and particularly of the English Tongue, by Citizen Roger." This, published in the "Year X" (otherwise 1802), and being the eighteenth edition of "a Work originally published in London in 1703 and dedicated by the author to the Prince of Wales, Son of the Celebrated Queen Anne!"

THE whole Island turns out for these sales that are announced by the *garde champêtre* at the street corners and in the market-place of the main village. The same old man and same old drum announced the war in '39 . . . and now he seems to announce nothing but the miseries, big and little, that wars bring . . . and leave behind them.

Voilà!

• The Black Market King boasts of his four swimming-pools: one with hot water, one with tepid, one with cold and one with no water at all. "But why no water?" asks his properly impressed but puzzled listener. "Some of my friends can't swim," is the answer.



Gaynor Myton and Miss Tatham Warter take a hedge in masterful style in the Adult and Child class



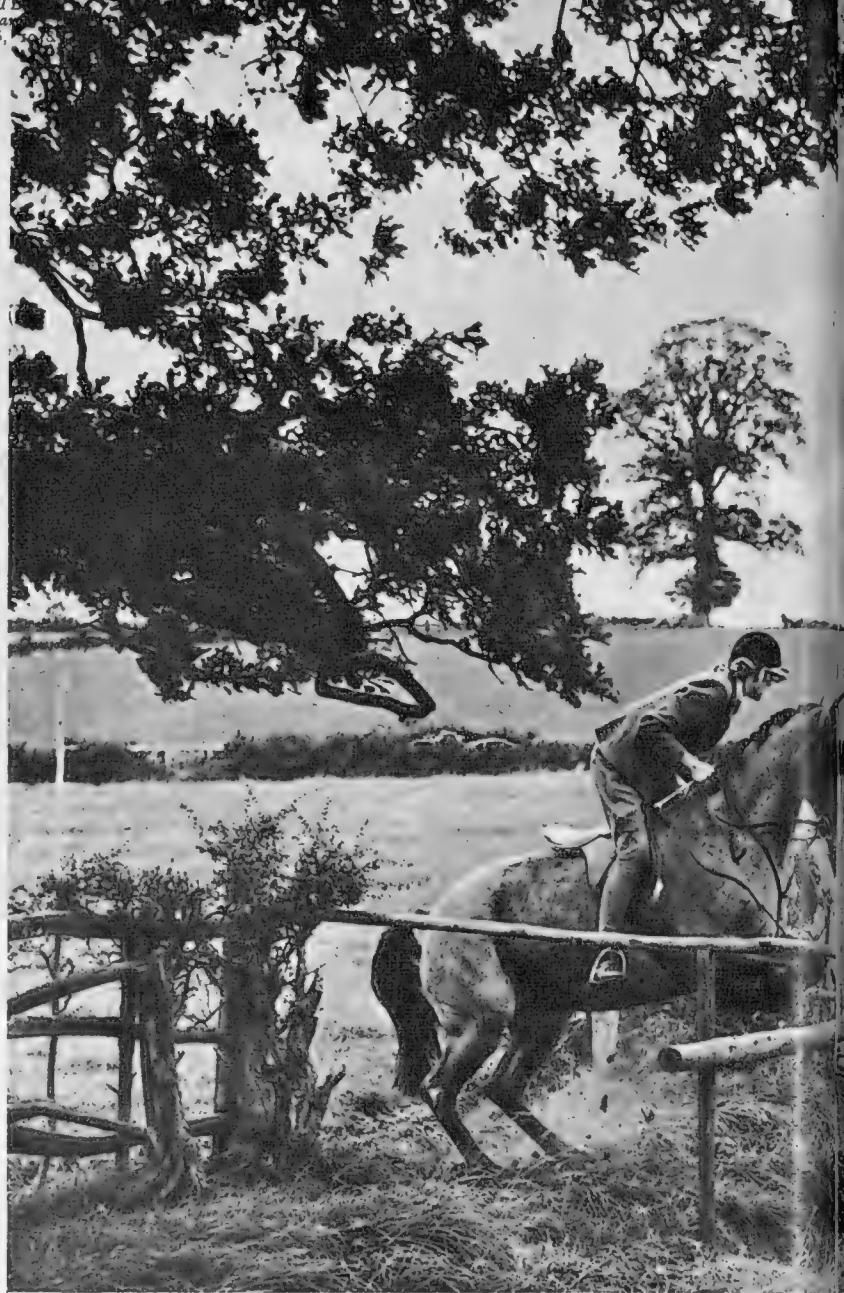
Alison Glover opens a gate, one of the exercises which thoroughly tested the children and their mounts



David Dollar waits for his class to begin, while Miss Wendy Spencer and Mrs. Dollar watch one of the events



Mrs. A. Mackenzie-Charrington, Mrs. Gerald Glover, Alison Glover, Mr. George Earle, Lady Earle and Sir Hardman Earle



Brig. Scott-Robson and Margaret Scott-Robson jumping a ditch at Chapel Bar

YOUNG FOLLOWERS OF THE PHEASANT



Brig. P. E. Bowden Smith, M.F.H., with Lt.-Col. M. Borwick, former Master, and Mrs. Sanders



Mr. H. Sutton Hornby and his



ence in the Adult and Child class. The trials were held at Cank Farm,
near Northampton

SELBY HOLD THEIR HUNTER TRIALS



starter, with Mrs. A. H.
part Levy, Bt., a former
riff of Leicester



Mrs. Selby, Miss F. Wilson and Mrs. N. Biggs accompany
Susan Selby, enjoying a drink in the saddle, on the way
to the course



Susan Harrison makes a very neat jump over the
ditch and fence on Peter



Miss Rosemary Stockdale, one of the many who had
an alfresco lunch, shares it with a friend



Mr. Simon Walford, Mrs. Borwick and Mrs. Stanley
Barratt, wife of the former Master of the Old Berkeley (East)



Sally Mansfield, Susan Harrison, Jennifer and Rosemary
Finch, Martin Finch, Miss Pamela Westlake and
Mrs. Westlake



At the dinner given at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, by the regiment in honour of the Mayor and Council : Brig. F. J. H. Pring, M.C. (the Cheshire Regiment), Alderman Robert Frost (Mayor), Brig. Geoffrey Harding, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (Colonel of the Cheshire Regiment), and Col. G. Egerton Warburton, D.S.O., T.D. (Vice-Lieutenant of the County)

CIVIC AND MILITARY CELEBRATIONS AT CHESTER

To Mark the Granting of the City's Freedom to the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment



A dance was also held in aid of the regiment's War Memorial Appeal. Dancers here are Mrs. Whiston and Col. Vernon Cottrell (secretary, Cheshire T.A.), and Mrs. Keith Richmond with Mr. Jimmy Salter



Also at the dance were Mrs. J. T. Mynors, G/Capt. Mynors (C.O., Sealand R.A.F. Station), Lt.-Col. Vivian Jones, M.B.E., T.D. (C.O., 4th Battalion), Lt.-Col. Ellis Evans (Royal Welch Fusiliers), Mrs. Joan Curwen and Mr. James Huggett

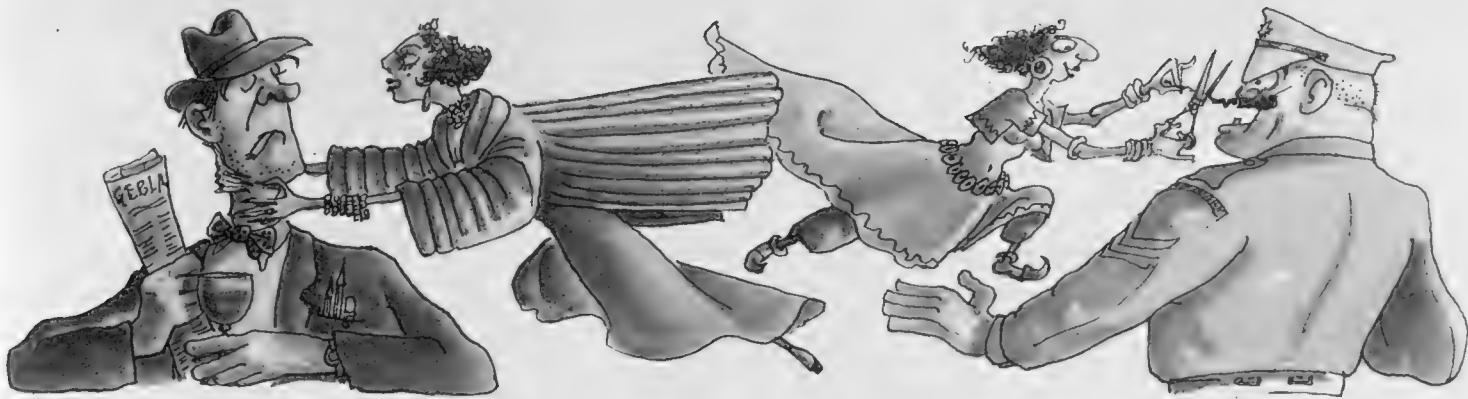


Another party included Mrs. J. D. Kewish, Col. Kewish, T.D., Alderman Robert Frost (Mayor), Mrs. E. J. Saunders, Major E. J. Saunders of the Cheshire Regiment, and Capt. P. J. Davis



Taking refreshment during a pause in the dancing : Major Tony Robinson (Cheshire Regiment), Mrs. Tony Robinson, Major and Mrs. Dick Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Evans, Mrs. Reg. Benson and Major Reg. Benson (Cheshire Regiment)

Benson Robinson, Chester



"... green-eyed, tempestuous Mitzi" "... havoc in the Brigade of Guards"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

If the Army psychiatrist boys really—as recently alleged—ordered a young soldier undergoing an “intelligence test” to go out and return with a lock of hair from the head of any leading West End actress, it is certainly time somebody stopped them, as a critic suggests, from making the Army look a fool.

Having no particular bias against psychiatry as a racket, though fully aware that (a) some of the boys are more barmy than their richest female patients, and (b) François Mauriac’s remark in *Thérèse* that they have “the same filthy key to everything” rings a score of door-bells all over Harley Street, we are chiefly concerned here with the deleterious effect of that lock-raping inspiration on its dainty victim. It might easily turn a shy, sweet-natured little actress into a tigress, like Belinda in the poem:

Not ardent Lovers robb’d of all their Bliss,
Not ancient Ladies when refus’d a Kiss,
Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her Manteau’s pinn’d awry
E’er felt such Rage, Resentment, and Despair
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish’d Hair . . .

Moreover it might set up a No. 3 Delilah-complex, causing havoc in the Brigade of Guards. Never thought of that, hey, smarties?

Snozzle

DISMISSING Pascal’s historic whimsy about Cleopatra’s nose (“Had it been shorter, the face of the world would have been changed”) as poohbah, a Sunday-paper admirer of women’s noses was possibly right. Yet let us be fair to Pascal.

Though a mathematician and a Jansenist, Pascal took no real interest in this subject, apart maybe from lightly touching a few smart women’s noses in the street, *en passant*, to find out if they were hot or cold. One day, however—our theory goes—the marked discrepancy between the noses of his sister, Madame Périer (short), and of his friend Marie-Angélique Arnauld (long) stirred Pascal’s scientific curiosity and set him ringing furiously for the old tape-measure. He then thought of the case of Cleopatra. Madame Périer said a shorter nose would have done Cleopatra no great harm. Marie-Angélique said a longer nose would have brought out Cleopatra’s more durable qualities, perhaps. Pascal ultimately chose “shorter,” taking the practical view that it is much easier to shorten a long nose on a woman than to lengthen a short one.

So that was that. What shall we do now? How about showing us your beautiful big pink tongue?

Chill

ONE regular feature in the feverish pre-war careers of front-page Special Correspondents, British or American, was (as every student of their memoirs is aware) the way the finest women of every European capital in turn

used to fall like ninepins for those inky rovers. It became a little boring for them . . .

Scanning the latest storied pages of this kind, we perceive that Princess Olga Axxxx and the little Comtesse de Bxxxx and lovely Doña Mercedes Cxxxx and green-eyed, tempestuous Mitzi von Dxxxxx (ah, Mitzi! Mitzi!) and others of Europe’s impressionable beauties are now passing the Press boys up cold, apparently. No reason is given. It can’t be the striking homeliness of those conquering pans, a byword even in Fleet Street. It can’t be that ferocious devotion to the Old Paper, revealed in many a breathless set-up, e.g.:

Rushing back to my flat in the Crznyprblyvskya at 3.51 I found Mitzi flourishing an automatic. She said, “I am sick with love of you and I will blow my brains out.” I began typing like mad. Three minutes later I noticed she was dead. I had just time to rush my two-column exclusive off by 4.05, beating Zoops Zeizler of the *Times-Globe-Herald-Courier* to it by precisely 0.3 seconds. I felt pretty good when I joined the boys in the Ritz bar a moment later. I knew my story had scooped the world (etc., etc., etc.).

No suicides today. No agonising farewells, even. Our tentative solution is that these lovelies have discovered more exciting emotional experiences, such as knitting bedsocks.

Skewer

UNLIKE the dress-riapers worn by our Cabinet boys in full fig, the dress-riapers worn by the Académie Française on ceremonial occasions are real ones, a Parisian gossip has reminded the populace, with a groove down the centre enabling the blade to be plunged into an académie torso and withdrawn immediately to meet mass-attack from the rear.

And a far manlier method of settling academic disputes, we always think, than that prevalent among our native dons. Anybody can poison a glass of sherry, whereas an aged and feeble French Academician stands a poor chance against some younger rival of lustier technique egged on by rich women. How our own British Academy conducts its affairs of honour we can’t discover. Nobody seems to know anything about those boys, who lurk in Burlington Gardens all day long, justly fearing public resentment. Being an academic body they can hardly be free from passion. On the other hand, they probably recall the Rules of Cricket almost immediately.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute’s at end;
And the elements’ rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend . . .

Your denture, I think, Professor?

Hail

URITANIA’s long-overdue successor in romance and musical comedy seems to be Bizonia, one of those new little countries in Germany which bobs into the financial news

at intervals and recently took a firm line over visas for visiting business-men, or so we gathered.

Our information is that the Bizonian National Anthem makes rather an issue of this.

On fair Bizonia’s sacred ground
The business-men are prowling round;
Bizonian mothers, do not fear!
Bizonia’s sons are ever near!

(Refrain)

Then hail the old Bizonian Flag!
When business-men are on a jag
We’ll guard Bizonia’s maidens fair,
Like tigers leaping from the lair!
The land shall run with business blood,
We’ll tread each briefcase in the mud,
Eagles shall pick commercial bones,
And dogs shall eat their dictaphones!

The old Bizonian fear and hatred of business-men dates from last spring, when hordes of them swept the country, making passes at the women and merging right and left.

Cuckoo

A BLOOMSBURY sweetheart paying hushed tribute to that celebrated bronze nude by Rodin called *The Thinker*, *Le Penseur*, a favourite idol of the intelligentsia, made us laugh like a herd of Jersey cows, remembering an interpretation of this massive work given us by a critic in Montparnasse, and running thus:

You assume Rodin’s intention to be that the Thinker stripped himself because thinking made him hot. This is not so. Observe the agonised expression. The poor oaf was bathing and somebody stole all his clothes. He is thinking out the whole position very carefully, being liable to arrest for moral outrage (*outrage aux mœurs*) and assault on modesty (*attentat à la pudeur*).

Sipping his Pernod thoughtfully, this chap added:

It seems clear, moreover, that his clothes were stolen by his wife’s lover, at her instigation. Look at the Thinker’s face again! A real cuckold pan (*une vraie bobine de cocu*).

This interpretation seems to reveal a profound and humane knowledge of the home-life of the intelligentsia in such jungle areas as Bloomsbury; which nest of intellectuals, as you may know, inspired the merry jig which Charles II. called the Old Dance of England:

Cuckolds, cuckolds all awry,
Fal, la, la, la lero.

And so to Bedford Square.



"... settling academic disputes"

Scoreboard

I HAVE an idea for a Play, in which an excessively handsome young Siberian, depressed by assorted frustration at home, reaches England in a stolen plane, takes to cricket, and falls in love with a female umpire.

She would be willing to return his love, were she not already side-tracked by intrigues with a Football Pool stamp-licker, an ex-Snooker coach who is on the run from a couple of bilked landladies, and the crypto-Communist Halma champion of South London. So the Siberian cricketer, an impatient lover, lures his three rivals to a Discussion Group and murders them by poisoned cocoa.

BUT the female umpire reacts unfavourably to her sudden freedom. In a stormy interview outside a British Restaurant she informs the young Siberian, who has a name that cannot be spelt, that she is, on the whole, unequal to love at such a price and that she would rather give Don Bradman out l.b.w. when he's obviously snicked the ball. Leaving her crestfallen liberator on the pavement, she goes off to seduce a Public School Housemaster who, contrary to literary custom, has had more than enough of his wife.

The young Siberian, of course, attempts suicide; but, much to the amusement of a couple



of black marketeers in the stage-box, he takes cocaine in mistake for laudanum, and leaps away to sign on as goalkeeper for the Tilbury Gas Light and Coke. The lovers never meet again; which is pretty bad theatre. So I'll hand over the whole *imbroglio* to Mr. Terence Rattigan or Mr. John Van Druten.

TALKING of cricket, I was amongst those present, and invited, the other day at a strangely palatable lunch where one of the speeches suggested that we might beat the Australians in the Tests if only we could provide concrete pitches for the young.

Now there's nothing against concrete, when you can get it. But it doesn't make bowlers; the people, I mean, not the hats. The speaker remarked: "At games, you can do nothing without ability." A profound suggestion. I will go further, and say that, in bowling, you can do nothing without effort. Bowling is a gosh-darned sweat, and the faster the sweater. And it has nothing much to do with concrete; or conversation.

How pleasant, by the way, it was to see at that lunch one of the greatest of all fast bowlers, Harold Larwood; sitting not far from the contemporary thunderbolt, Ray Lindwall. Also,

an England batsman who was never picked for England, Hubert Ashton, once of Cambridge University and Essex; looking almost as young as when, twenty-seven years ago, he flicked Jack Gregory and Ted Macdonald from his eyebrows. Bust me, what dupes the years are.

ANGLERS are notoriously unorthodox, preferring the end to the means. That romantic historian from Ancient Greece, Herodotus, tells us how, more than 2000 years ago, the Egyptians discovered that the safest way to treat newly-landed crocodiles was to plaster their eyes with mud, a system that cannot have commended itself to the contemporary Saurian Society.

Yet whatever we do about animals, we're wrong somewhere. If we love cats, we malign dogs. If we eat either of them—and who knows how often we do?—we are equally at fault. If we hunt the fox, we aggravate Bloomsbury. If we shoot the fox we are hissed in Melton Mowbray. Yet, if the fox kills our favourite goose, are we to buy a horse and hire a pack of hounds? Even then, how are we to know that it's the right fox we are after?

To please all parties, perhaps we should hunt foxes from horseback with a gun, or a lasso? I do not know. Nor, my pop-eyed friends, do you.

Anyhow; Cheesah IV for the Cesarewitch.

RC. Robertson Glasgow.

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (No. 19)

A colourful species of distinctive habits, never found South of the Border. Extremely clever, and when confronted with a riddle can find the answer without delay

ADULT MALE: General colour above puce, crested with an amusing bonnet-like mass of bottle-green feathers, the twin tufts growing from above the left orbital bone; heavily tufted above the eye-sacs and below the beak; beak short and broad; mandibles bluish; body feathers bottle-green and most prettily furbelowed: the bird has a peculiar glove-like leathery growth at the right wing tip; shanks sturdy and agile; the bird is capable of showing a fine turn of speed, especially so if brought into contact with any barbed missile.

HABITS: The Bottle-Green Bodgerigard has many amusing little habits: although it must be admitted that some are more pointed than others. The birds prefer to feed in small coveys and then slit away to some open woodland glade, where they will spend hours ejecting feathered fronds from their wing tips. This latter habit is one of the few that competent observers agree has any point to it. During this period the bird's odd little anguished cry may be heard, a kind of—"Dammit sir. This is thon lipairaevgot." The bird who succeeds in finding any recognised mark for his labours is much feted by the other members of the species and is allowed to put another feather in its bonnet—as it were.

HABITATS: Although the species has not been encountered for some years it was located in the summer of this year making quite a mark for itself in the Selkirk area of Scotland: and the discovery of a riddle and several wine gourds in the locality inclines one to the view that this report is true.



The Twin-Tufted Bow Bunting—or Bottle-Green Bodgerigard

(*Thergoesrodn-Drawinlhlongbowagard*)



Old Coachman: "Now, Miss Ellen, Miss Ellen! You know what your Pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey!"
 Miss Ellen: "So I will, Robert! And that's why I'm taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"
 From "The Noble Science, or John Leech in the Hunting Field," discussed below

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THE Leger, like Charles II., is an unconscionable long time a-dying, and a recent discreet note has brought me many letters giving various reasons for the My Love débâcle. Would that they could all be published in their entirety, but there would be a good many wigs on the green if they were. Some are as amusing as they are dangerous! One correspondent says that there was no "mystery" about it, and that I ought to know that there wasn't! Ablins! My note said that the Derby, Grand Prix and Leger form did not add up. I think that is quite enough. When a hot favourite is floored, many heated remarks are always made.

Another critic asked whether a more peculiar ante-post market has ever been known. Again I think that the old Scottish word "Ablins" fits the case. It means something betwixt and between "perhaps!" and "A dinna ken!" Let's leave it at that! They certainly bobbed up and down in a most amazing manner, and some people had a new winner for us every morning. Personally, I could not go beyond saying that Black Tarquin was the only threat to My Love. As a matter of fact, four others also beat him.

ANOTHER letter says that My Love wore far from the look of one that had been galloped to fiddlestrings, and the writer adds: "Black Tarquin is the best horse I have seen since Solario. He was beautifully trained and ridden. Britt's seat was worth 7 lb. *versus* the rest, who sat up most of the way. Black Tarquin could have carried Noor, who looked as if a puff of wind would blow him over. The second (Alycidon) is a good horse, and Count Rendered I thought also looked the part. My Love, compared to Black Tarquin, looked like a well-bred heavyweight hunter."

This last remark bears out the one about his not having been galloped to death. On the way he ran it looked as if he were sick of it. His trainer is far too clever a man to have overcooked him. The favourite certainly looked on the jolly side, but I would not go so far as someone else, who said after his exercise gallop at Doncaster that he was in dealer's condition. That seems impossible, for he had not been allowed to idle in France before he was shipped.

All this chat ought to make next year's Gold Cup the most engrossing contest we have had for a long time, provided most of the leading characters in the Leger meet again.

PROFESSOR THOMAS BODKIN, M.R.I.A., M.A., D.Litt., etc., has done the world of art, and also that of hunting, yet another good service in his latest compilation of the works of famous artists. The book is *The Noble Science, or John Leech in the Hunting Field* (Collins; 25s.). My only regret is that there was not room for more of the work of this incomparable humorist, the Phil May of the hunting-field and the co-adjutor of its Thackeray, Surtees. Even John Jorrocks, M.F.H., might not have come so much alive had it not been for Leech, and he it was, in fact, who persuaded Surtees to add the additional title of "Mr. Jorrocks Hunt" to the original "Handley Cross."

What a perfect partnership it was: the author's genius for word picturisation and the artist's quick perception of how to fit the words to the music of pen and ink. In this book we have many of our old friends in black-and-white, plus the coloured lithographs which Leech obviously believed were an embellishment. Like many other efforts at elaboration, they fail of their object, since the black-and-white are immeasurably superior. It is probable that Leech himself knew this better than anyone else. Any colour in *Handley Cross*, *Ask Mama*, etc., was done by hand and was much better than these lithographs.

This collection is not confined to the illustrations to be found in Surtees' books, for many familiar friends we have known in Mr. Punch's pages are here. In these cases also the lithographs finish a bad second. In one particular instance—that depicting the thrusting gentleman imploring the other gentleman cast in the ditch to sit still and "we shall clear you"—Leech has painted the ridge and furrow "plough" colour. The black-and-white eludes this bêtise! When looking at this picture I have often wondered whether the sportsman riding at a quite harmless quick-set was not an optimist. The horse is far too close in, and it looks any odds on his making a mess of it. Mr. Jorrocks trying to lead Arterexeres over an ugly bank with a ditch in front, of course, is in this collection, and again the black-and-white wins. The picture is hand-coloured in *Handley Cross*. The title under this one is not

quite correct. Surtees wrote: "Come h'up, I say, you ugly beast!" not brute. However, it is a small matter.

Professor Bodkin's excellent short biography of Leech makes the foreword by Sir Alfred Munnings almost redundant. I wish the author had been able to find a corner for Sir Moses Mainchance's ticket-of-leave butler, Demetrius Bankhead—one of Surtees's and Leech's best joint characterisations, but we cannot have everything in this world.

THE tremendous advance that has been made in dental science is common knowledge, but only quite recently have we been told of the great effort which the crack operators have been making on the psychological side of their art. The modern idea is to anaesthetise the senses before the patient is invited by the ravishing receptionist to "step this way." The ante-room is furnished with either the best Sheraton or the daintiest Jacobean, the walls decorated with the most delicate Greuzes, like the one in *The Rag*, for instance; lovely flowers adorn the lovely vases, and Grieg, Lulli, or Lisa Lehmann let us say, are softly played on muted gramophones, while the best-behaved of kittens and Pekes are trained to purr and snore decorously upon the deep pile Persian rugs which are artistically displayed on the floor.

Gone are the illustrated papers of the pre-Palmerston era, the *Dental Records* and the coloured glass windows of the communicating door depicting a sea serpent in full cry after a miserable shrimp, or any other thing that might suggest what is waiting in the next room. I suppose this must work or they would not do it, but even Grieg and a purring pussycat are weak opponents for that burning, blazing thing that everyone has told you is not neuralgia, and that you are a something coward not to drop pain-killers and John Barleycorn when obtainable—and face it! *Per contra*, it is quite easy to name many artists, sculptors and composers whose works would make the darn thing turn more somersaults than it does already, and who would make the patient grateful for even pictures of Dizzy at his frizziest and Mr. Gladstone in his ugliest collar. How grateful we ought to be to the new-look dentist!



John Leech, a drawing by Millais now in the National Portrait Gallery



Walter Bird

Norman Collins, B.B.C. Television Controller and author of the recently filmed novel, *London Belongs To Me*, has just written a book for children entitled *Black Ivory* (Collins ; 9s. 6d.), about pirates, slaves and buccaneering on the high seas. He has himself a son and two daughters. Before joining the B.B.C. he was a journalist and publisher, and prior to his television appointment had been head of the Light Programme and of the Overseas Service

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

“THAT WINTER” (John Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.) is, as a novel, unexpectedly good. I ought not to say unexpectedly, given the fact that in its country of origin, America, this was acclaimed as one of the outstanding novels of 1947. It is none the worse, incidentally, for reaching us a year late; books of quality “keep”; their merits do not evaporate when exposed to time.

What is surprising is the freshness of the approach to a by now well-worn theme—the return of young ex-soldiers to civilian life. This has been handled, repeatedly, by our own novelists onwards from 1945, for the sufficient reason that, as a theme, it is topical, vital, pressing. One might imagine, however, that by now there was not much more to say. *That Winter* reminds us that there is more to hear: we cannot be deaf to young America’s voice.

Again, I should like to note the quick dispersal of one prejudice set up in your reviewer by the opening paragraph of *That Winter*. I read:

We all drank too much that winter, some to forget the neurosis acquired in the war just ended, others in anticipation of those expected from the next, but most of us simply because we liked to drink too much;

—and sighed (I wonder how many more reviewers may not have sighed also), thinking: “One more recruit to the great American school

of alcoholic fiction.” I was second to none in my admiration for *The Lost Week-end*, but recalled that that did at the time seem to me the book about drunks to end all books about drunks. Onward from the end of World War I, it appears to me, we have had a steady import of Hemingway and O’Hara characters being inebriatedly laconic with one another in bars or tough in apartments. If a whole fresh generation of American writers were to spring up simply to carry on that literature of absolute disillusion, one could be forgiven a sinking of the heart.

* * *

MERLE MILLER, author of *That Winter*, is, however, striking out towards something new. He has been compared, I see, to the young Hemingway and the young Dos Passos; and he is, as those two were at another time, emphatically the voice of a post-war epoch. But, happily, psychological history never quite repeats itself: Mr. Miller is as distinctively a novelist of the late 1940’s as the other two, in the days of their first emergence, were novelists of the early 1920’s. The difference of a generation is to be felt.

What the difference is it is hard to say. There is perhaps more anger and less pessimism. Merle Miller—do not let us, pray, for a single instant confuse him with his distinguished senior

compatriot, Henry Miller—is far from cynical: on the contrary, one feels throughout the story an obstinate survival of good faith. In the whole cast there is only one character who is not, however misdirectedly, making towards his or her conception, however blurred, of the good life.

“That Winter”

“Letters of an Economic Father”

“Tamburlaine the Great”

“Sorry, Wrong Number”

THE exception is one Richard Westing, a renegade writer whose tragedy is somehow more than his own. Westing, in foundering in the high seas of success, had taken to the bottom with him the hopes of a generation. In the world *That Winter* depicts, no hope of truth, no belief in another person, is easily to be spared.

“That winter,” the winter of the novel, is that of 1945-46. The scene is New York. We are concerned, principally, with the fortunes of three young men, Peter, Lew and Ted, who, back from the war, have set up house together in a gaunt apartment—which they cannot like but have been lucky to find. Peter, the “I” of the story, works on a news magazine; Lew is in the show business; Ted, unhappy son of a rich man, simply drifts.

Each of these three has his individual problem; all three react to the general problem of their time. Ted, the unstable, is in search of a father: he is a sad young monument to the failure of the older generation. Tragically, Ted

quits the scene early—in the house of a man who seems to him to be betrayal incarnate. Lew, morbidly ashamed of his Jewish parentage, becomes aware of being on the run from reality: at the end of the winter he is to revert to type. Peter, the would-be writer, resents the misuse of his faculties for the phoney purposes of the magazine—but, one has to live, to keep on the move round town, to send money home. All round him in New York he sees men making the best of a bad bargain—men who have sold themselves; some, so long ago that they are no longer aware that they ever did. On many lips he hears the success-philosophy. Is this what one fought for?

* * *

INTERLEAVED with the so-called peace of that New York winter are vivid, sometimes tearing, memories of war. For Peter, a feeling of unreality hangs over everything—the bright lights, the comfortable interiors, the unaware people who have not been overseas. Unsatisfactoriness hangs over Peter's friendship with the girl Joan, who will not be his mistress but wants to marry him. Joan, the fashion artist with the quick tongue and vulnerable heart, is, like the other women in the book, excellently drawn: one at once wilts under her uncompromisingness and shares her aggravation with Peter. Direct, ugly Martha Westing, Lew's friend, the "not quite lovely" Jane, and frivolous young Mrs. Hutton, Peter's first love back in the Iowa home-town, are touched in with a justice rare, I think, in young-masculine portraiture of women. Both Martha and Joan plumb down, in their different ways, to the obsession at the bottom of Peter's mood—the obsession that, during a wartime escapade in a jeep, he was responsible for the death of his best friend.

* * *

TOWARDS the end of *That Winter* there is a sense of emergence, a sense of spring. No facile solution has been, or will be, found; but somehow, in the course of a series of battering experiences, the adjustment has been made. Life may not be likeable, but is livable. Peter concludes:

If the winter had, as I said, begun early, it had ended early, too, because the winter was over, for me, for Lew, for Ted, for Joan, for Gloria, for Martha, for Dick. It was over and done with, and there would never be a time like that again, and I had to get it down, the way it was, what people said and did and thought, the people I had known, especially the three of us, but all of those who were part of it, the winter after the war ended, the winter we got home, the winter that now would so quickly pass into spring . . .

This is, as I have tried to suggest, a novel of exceptional decency and honesty, which speaks for one generation but should be read by others: it may do something to bridge the gulf. It speaks, too, for America—for her young with their hopes, her old with their not-yet-relinquished dreams: and yet its subject is worldwide. I therefore hope it may be widely read in this country.

* * *

"LETTERS OF AN ECONOMIC FATHER" (Falcon Press; 8s. 6d.) fills, in my opinion, a felt need. Its author, W. S. Hill-Reid, is a bank manager who, persuaded into authorship



Angus McBean

Miss Kamila Tyabji, London's only Indian woman barrister, recently made legal history as the first woman ever to speak at the Privy Council, which she addressed as the highest court in the Empire on behalf of the respondents in a case from India. A graduate of Oxford, she comes from a prominent Muslim family. Her uncle is now Chief Justice of Pakistan, and her father, a retired High Court Judge, is the author of one of the most authoritative works on Muhammadan Law. She has herself written a book on law which she hopes to publish by the end of the year and to submit for the D.C.L. of Oxford University

by Beverley Nichols in the course of a lunch, commands not only an immense fund of good sense but a singularly engaging style. These *Letters to a (presumably) imaginary son Anthony*, could, in fact, be read for their flavour as much as their content.

During the conversation from which the book arose, Mr. Beverley Nichols said to Mr. Hill-Reid: "I wish you'd been my economic father." The two had discussed the miseries arising from ignorance of what is, after all, one of the facts of life. Hence not only the title of the book but its friendly and admirable aim. "There are," says the Beverley Nichols Foreword, "dozens of subjects treated in this book; it gently conducts the young man from the

moment when he draws his first cheque, through the occasion when he makes his first investment to the time when he writes his will. Indeed, it is a gay and scholarly compendium of almost all that a young man need know about money."

* * *

"WHAT," says Mr. Hill-Reid to "Anthony" in the opening letter, "I will try to do is to give you some idea of the technique of personal finance, and of the pitfalls to be avoided." He continues:

It has always astonished me that the school masters and mistresses pay so little heed to this kind of social education. I have no doubt that before you leave your housemaster will invite you to breakfast. He will talk about games, about the theatre and will, possibly, just faintly touch on sex, but I bet my last bottom dollar (duly offered to H.M. Treasury) that he won't mention money, thinking it is no doubt too sordid a subject to be mentioned in an atmosphere of erudition . . .

It would be high smugger to say that one could make provision to meet all contingencies. Economic forces are as strong as natural forces. They can overwhelm not only the individual but nations and empires. Nevertheless, the impact of their waywardness can be softened and used to advantage if careful thought and logical reasoning are brought to bear.

Outstanding chapters in *Letters of an Economic Father* are those on Banking Behaviour; Cheques, Their Use and Abuse; the excellently humorous "Approach"; Growth of Banking;

RECORD OF THE WEEK

TWO years ago saxophonist Reggie Goff was playing with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. At that time he had no idea of becoming a singer. When he left the B.B.C., however, he took lessons and began to concentrate on his singing, on the advice of a friend.

Now his first record has been released here. On it he sings *I Don't Care What They Say and When You're in Love*, accompanied by Cyril Stapleton and his String Serenaders. Reggie Goff has an easy, pleasing style, and knows how to put over a song. There is also a virile quality

in his voice that has greatly appealed to gramophone enthusiasts in the U.S.A., where his records were originally available.

It may be curious that Reggie Goff should be issued first in the States, but he is a dollar earner, and as such commands our additional respect.

I see no reason at all why his records should not become enormously popular the world over. It is a pleasure to hear a singer in this category who does not bleat. (Decca F.8941).

Robert Tredinnick.



Verdon-Roe — Emmons

Mr. Geoffrey Verdon-Roe, second son of Sir Alliott and Lady Verdon-Roe, of Longmeadow, Rowlands Castle, Hampshire, married Miss Giulietta Elizabeth Emmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert V. B. Emmons, of Hamble, Hampshire, and Hyde Park Gardens, London, at St. Andrew's, Hamble



Scott — Hermon

Lt-Col John F. T. Scott, elder son of Col. John M. B. Scott, O.B.E., T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Scott, of Colinton, Edinburgh, married Miss Una Geraldine Hermon, only daughter of Major J. V. Hermon, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hermon, of Wargrave, Berkshire, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, London



Petri — Beaumont

Dr. Charles Petri, of Scotland, and Zürich, Switzerland, married Miss Edith Beaumont, daughter of Air-Cdr. Frank Beaumont, C.B., and Mrs. Beaumont, of Belgrave, and of Park Lane, London. Air-Cdr. Beaumont is Air Attaché, British Embassy, Belgrade



Franklin — Cunningham

The wedding took place at the Parish Church of St. Mary, Acton, of Lt. Arthur L. Franklin, R.N.V.R., elder son of Councillor and Mrs. L. A. Franklin, of Arundel, Sussex, and Miss Enid Cunningham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Cunningham, of North Acton, London

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Miller — Maxwell

Col. Desmond Campbell Miller (retd.), Barrister-at-Law, Middle Temple, London, son of the late Bishop of Waterford and Cashel, and stepson of Mrs. Dudley Miller, of Violet Hill, Bray, Co. Wicklow, married Miss Else Maxwell, daughter of Judge Maxwell, of the Supreme High Court of New South Wales, and Mrs. Maxwell, of Sydney, Australia, at Kilbride Church, near Bray, Co. Wicklow



Fitzwilliams — Mardall

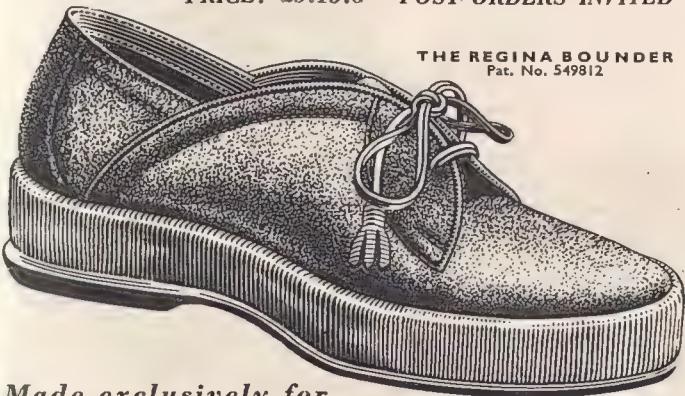
Mr. Robert Campbell Lloyd Fitzwilliams, son of Mr. Duncan C. L. Fitzwilliams, C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.S., of The Temple, near Bray, Berkshire, and Brook Street, London, and of the late Mrs. Fitzwilliams, married Miss Natalie Jura Stratford Mardall, daughter of the late Col. G. S. Mardall, O.B.E., and Mrs. Mardall, of Thornton House, Kenilworth, South Africa, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont

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Fashion Page

by

Winifred Lewis

Photographs by Joysmith

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Liane de Facci Negrati, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nello de Facci Negrati, Hôtel Montana, Lausanne, Switzerland, whose engagement is announced to Baron Pierre de Bellet, son of Baron and Baronne François de Bellet, of Savigné l'Évêque, Sarthe, France



Hay Wrightson

Lady Griselda Davina Roberta Ogilvy, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, Angus, who is engaged to Capt. Peter E. G. Balfour, Scots Guards, second son of Col. E. W. S. Balfour and Lady Ruth Balfour, of Balbirnie, Markinch, Fife



Fayer

Miss Ann (Hetty) Armitage, only daughter of Capt. Armitage, of Kirklees Park, Brighouse, Yorkshire, and of Mrs. John Cooper, of Ovington Square, London, S.W.3, who is to marry Mr. Francis Richard Anson, elder son of Major and Mrs. W.A. Anson, of The Manor, Leamington Hastings, near Rugby



Gwen Foster

Miss Diana Mary Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clarke, of Tuffley, Gloucester, whose engagement has been announced to Capt. Anthony Yarnold, Royal Armoured Corps (late King George V's Own Lancers), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Yarnold, of Barnwood, Gloucester



Pearl Freeman

Lady Antoinette Fredericka Conyngham, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham, of Slane Castle, Co. Meath, Eire, who has announced her engagement to Lord Croft, of Croft Castle, Kingsland, Herefordshire



Miss Zandra Elizabeth Knayeton Campbell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. A. Campbell, of Woodhill, Tilford, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. Ian James Campbell, son of Major and Mrs. Campbell of Craignish, of The Bourne Ridge, Farnham



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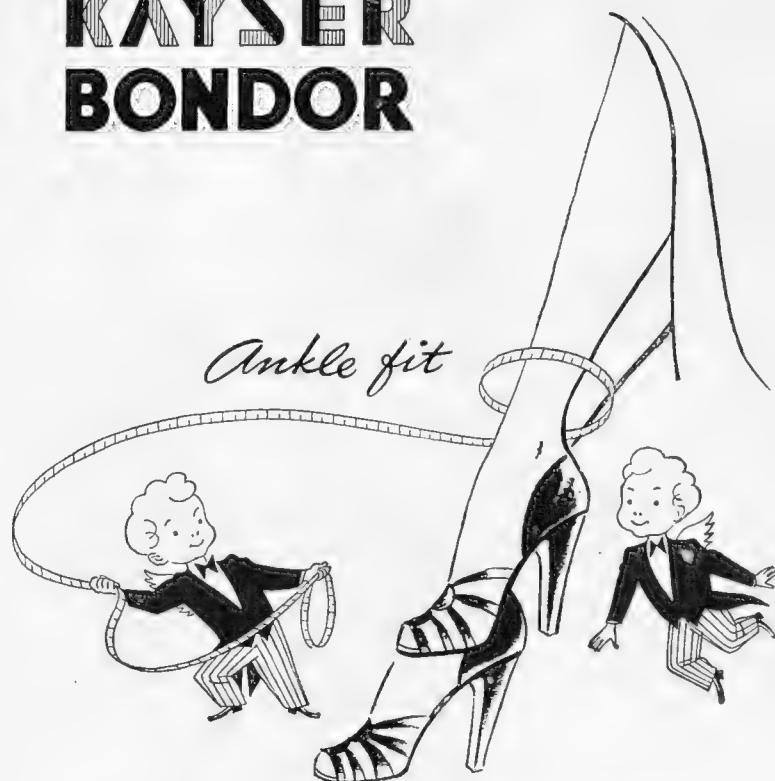


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(Continued from page 23)

Elizabeth Bowen's BOOK REVIEWS

Debt; the Life Policy; the Stock Exchange; Income Tax; Finance and Married Happiness; Buying the Home; the Will. Not only many an Anthony but many an Antonia should profit by, as well as enjoy, this book—which they might pass on to their parents; never too late to mend! Gay in form, it would make a good birthday present. The subject, which might be dreaded as forbidding or dry, is expanded by Mr. Hill-Reed's pleasant command of anecdote, and by imagery drawn from his hobbies, yachting and gardening.

* * *

ERIC LINKLATER writes the Preface to Basil Ashmore's special (cut) version of Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great* (Handford Press, 7s. 6d.). I don't know that I don't prefer this great Elizabethan play about the Scythian conqueror the way it was—which is to say, the way Marlowe wrote it, prolixities and all: Marlowe's superb superabundance seems to be part of his character. All the same, Mr. Ashmore's experiment is interesting—here is *Tamburlaine* in briefer, actable form—and both Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, producer, and Sir Laurence Olivier think well of it.

As for the reader, better read *Tamburlaine* as groomed for stardom by Mr. Ashmore than respect but not read him straight from Christopher Marlowe. For my own part, I do miss some of the lines. No doubt, however, the ringing passages ring more loudly for being cleared of verbiage.

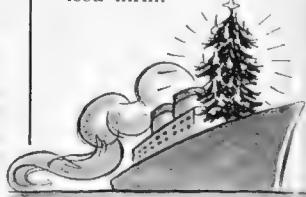
Who can ever forget:
And ride in triumph through Persepolis!
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles!
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

The publishers have got up this version gaily silver-and-red wrapper, Felix Topolski frontispiece.

* * *

Sorry, Wrong Number, by Ullman and Fletcher (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.) exploits what many of us, in talk, have found to be the perfect thriller-idea—that of a conversation, planning a murder, overheard by the victim by some fluke of the telephone. Pretty spoilt, intolerable Mrs. Stevenson, *malade imaginair*, alone in her little luxury New York house, repeatedly tries to get through to her husband at his place of business, and, instead of contacting him, gets an ugly shock. The entire business of this uncraving tale takes place in a series of telephone conversations:

no two of the characters ever once confront one another face to face. . . . *Sorry, Wrong Number* is not to be recommended as bedside reading to nervous persons left alone by the telephone. For the more hardy, here is a guaranteed thrill.



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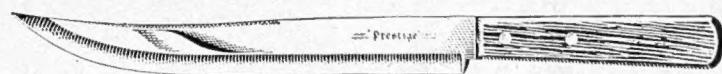
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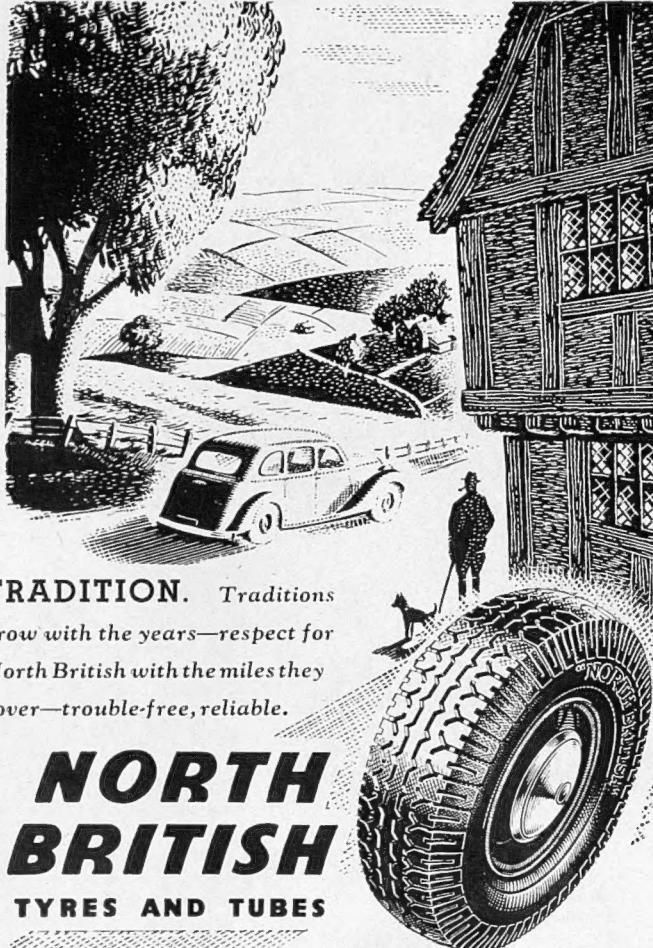
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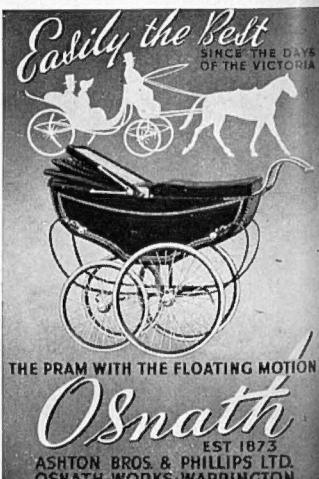
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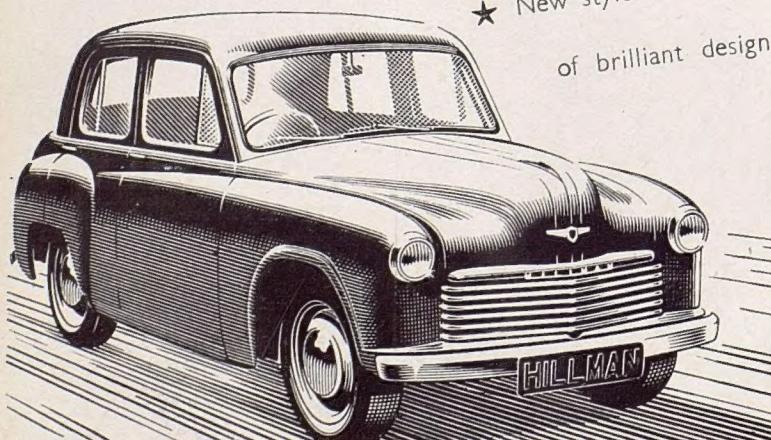
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